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found the country in a state of peace, and, being unable to persuade the resident Christians to open hostilities, they marched against the Saracens alone. The renewed war was of short duration, for on receiving the news of the death of the Emperor Henry, the Germans re-embarked and returned to Europe in March, 1198. It is stated by Röhricht that Henry III, Duke of Limburg, with his two sons Henry and Walram, is said to have fought under Richard at Arsûf, in 1192, but it is doubtful whether he took part in the Third Crusade.⁵⁷

The career of Richard, King of England, is too well known to need recounting at this place.

Philip, Count of Flanders, was the grandson of Fulk of Anjou, King of Jerusalem. He first took the Cross in 1177, in expiation, it was said, of his many sins. Baldwin IV was then on the throne, and as the leprosy by which he was attacked nearly incapacitated him for ruling, he offered the regency to Philip, who refused it. Philip's stay was short; he returned to Europe soon after Easter of the following year.⁵⁸ Ten years later he joined the Third Crusade; but he can not have been one of the knights that fought with Philip Augustus, since he died at the siege of Acre, in June, 1191, a short time before the arrival of the King of France.⁵⁹

The identity of the next knight on our list, William Longue Espee, is doubtful. A William de Longa Spata, an Englishman, is mentioned by Wilken as being one of the knights that accompanied Richard in his expedition to Jaffa, in the latter part of 1192. No further particulars are given, and no allusion is made to him by other historians.⁶⁰

The same name was also borne by William, Marquis of Montferrat, the brother of Conrad, but as he died in 1177, he could not have taken part in the Third Crusade. He was justly celebrated for his bravery and experience in war, and in 1176 was married to Sibylla, the daughter of King Amalric. Their son, later crowned as Baldwin V, died very young.⁶¹

⁵⁷ Wilken, v, 22,42; Röhricht, ii, 337.

⁵⁸ " iii2, 172,174; Michaud, ii, 29.

⁵⁹ " iv, 12,335; Stubbs, 217.

⁶⁰ " " 543.

⁶¹ " iii2, 171,239,249; Michaud, ii, 29; Du Cange, 342.

Simon de Montfort, the tenth knight, was one of the leaders of the Fifth Crusade, but did not join the Third. He later became notorious for his cruel war against the Albigenses.⁶²

A name similar to that of Bernarz, Reiz de Orstrinale, or de Horstemale, is mentioned by Röhricht, Vol. ii, p. 336. It is there stated that Bernhard, Baron of Horstmar, a German, fought under the banner of Richard, and that he drew upon himself the notice of Saladin for his great bravery in the battle before Akka. Later on he joined the army of Walram of Limburg, and distinguished himself in the battle of Bairut, in 1197.⁶³

Dietrich, Count of Cleves, the last knight chosen, was the brother of the Bishop of Lütich. The accounts of his exploits are very meagre, but he is mentioned by both Wilken and Röhricht as taking part in the Third Crusade. He first joined the army of Frederick Barbarossa, and when the death of the Emperor left the Germans without a leader, he entered the service of the King of England. He accompanied Richard in his voyage to Jaffa, but the time of his return to Europe is not stated.⁶⁴

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GERMAN LITERATURE.

Social Forces in German Literature, a Study in the History of Civilization, by KUNO FRANCKE, Assistant Professor of German Literature in Harvard University. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1896. 8vo, pp. xiv, 577.

UPPERMOST in the mind as one closes Professor Francke's book is a grateful admiration for the wide reading, minute observation, keen insight and catholic spirit that combine to instruct and fascinate in this unique study. I know of no other book that seriously attempts Professor Francke's task, and it is a task well worth attempting, though I think it will be helpful, and possibly more helpful, to the

⁶² Wilken, v, 112.

⁶³ Röhricht, ii, 211,354

⁶⁴ " " 151,330; Wilken, iv, 543.

upbuilding of the humane life to approach the study of literature from other sides also. For there are many points of view in criticism and each worker selects his own according to his purpose and aim, according to the fruit that he is seeking to gather from the tree of knowledge or of the humanities. And because each view is incomplete in itself, each illustrates and aids the other, and so there is none of us but will find in this book welcome helps to broader sympathies and a more generous intellectual catholicity. Let us consider first the thesis, then the exposition with what may seem to be its errors of judgment or of stress, and finally the relative value of this critical method on the uplifting of the intellectual life.^x

It might be hard to find a more admirably descriptive title. Professor Francke chooses to be a student of civilization rather than a linguistic scholar or a literary critic. Only such features of literature as illustrate civilization seem to him essential. Thus he makes it the function of literary study to illustrate the history or better, perhaps, the evolution of ideas. And although this may not be that study's highest function, it certainly is one that deserves careful analysis and deep thought. But it should be clear from the outset that the mind and interest of the author will be fixed on content rather than on form, on the essential thought rather than on the artistic setting. He will judge rather with the ethical than with the æsthetic sense; he will help us to understand the social significance of German writers, rather than to appreciate their message of strength and beauty to our own souls; he will make us feel what a book or a school of writers was to its contemporary society rather than what it may be to us of today.

Professor Francke's thesis is that all literary development is determined by the swaying fortunes of a conflict between two elemental tendencies, of the instinct of self-assertion at

war with the instinct of social cohesion and collective organization. Where self-assertive individualism predominates, we have realism tending to extreme naturalism or fantastic mysticism, while the altruistic element in collectivism aids men to observe and reproduce the beautiful, the universal, and so is the source of literary idealism, of which the danger is empty conventionalism. From the even balance of these social forces spring the great classics of literature.

Such a thesis has the advantages but also the dangers of extreme simplicity. As we undertake to follow with this clue the long course of German literature, from the songs of which Jornandes tells us to the last dramas of the new iconoclasts, we feel a little dread lest the flowers of imagination should suffer from being stretched or lopped to fit such a procrustean bed, or taken from their natural setting to fit the better in this artificial philosophic nosegay. It is certainly curious to note how changed is the literary perspective when we cease to regard literature as an art and try to make it a storehouse of scientific phenomena, of those "significant little facts" that were the delight of Taine. Here we may find *Till Eulenspiegel* yoked, probably for the first time, with *The Childhood of Our Lords* and indeed the whole book is full of new and suggestive points of view. It is one of those rare volumes from which he who brings the most richly stored mind to the reading, will derive at once the greatest profit and the greatest pleasure.

And now with Professor Francke for our guide, let us see how his thesis will light up the brilliant halls of German literature, and guide us through the long, tortuous and dark passages between them. To him the social characteristic of the migration is a conflict between universal law and individual passion, the spirit of which survives most fully in the older Edda and in the Song of Hildebrand. But we may well question whether there is in the political or moral history of the Ostrogoths, the Germans of whom we know most at this period, any sign that such a conflict was a peculiar mark

^x I shall not touch minute points, but I will note in passing that typographical errors, or what seem to me such, occur on pages 15, line 31; 16, l. 2; 18, l. 5; 44, l. 7; 251, l. 18; 272, l. 22; 293, l. 26. 303, l. 5 and 27; 313, l. 10; 318, l. 25; 354, l. 5; 380, l. 14 (Butler for Buttler, as always); 385, l. 9; 401, last line; 421, l. 22 (a bit of slovenly typography recurring on pp. 426, 516, 517, 519, and often); 452, l. 14; 511, l. 13; 534, l. 20. But enough of this; I have no ambition to emulate Quintus Fixlein.

² I cannot resist expressing a fear that disappointment is in store for those who seek in *Till Eulenspiegel* "treasures of common thought and fancy stored up for days of future greatness" (p. 462).

of them or of their time. I should rather have said that both in their religion and in their politics, these Germans showed a remarkable instinct of social cohesion, that for all their overflowing energy loyalty was the most highly prized of Germanic virtues, and that it is because of this that their poetry, while lyric in form, is epic in character. But the point is unimportant, for if, as Professor Francke says, these early Germans "conquered the world at the expense of themselves," what we know of their society would indicate that they could well afford to do it. The material booty of the Roman empire was not the greatest prize won by the Ostrogoths.

Of course in German, as in all early poetry, it is the individual or family prowess that attracts the singer. Hero-worship is to him not only an instinct, it is his visible means of support. Naturally, therefore, the epics of every such age have an individualistic stamp, but it by no means follows that the national character caused or shared it; and surely it is an over-generous, rather than a judicious, patriotism, that accepts the Utopian Germania of Tacitus as "the very essence of Germanic life," at a time when we know about as little of them as of Homer's blameless Ethiopians, while it is perfectly clear that when they emerge into history "this whole fabric of [alleged] popular custom is broken up." Here, as elsewhere in Professor Francke's book, there seems to me a regrettable tendency to dubious extremes. Is there not just a suggestion of *la grande caisse* in describing a literature of which only the faintest echos have come to us as "a grand triumphal song of world-wide victories, but also a fearful record of the reach of guilt and the tragedy of greatness?" Are these pre-eminent qualities in Hildebrand, the Edda, or Beowulf? And then in their verse where Professor Francke hears "a grand sonorous monotony," to my ear the sifting changes of alliterative stress fairly throb with energy, though the translation of Beowulf taht is cited as an example is neither grand, sonorous, throbbing, energetic, nor even monotonous, but only barbarously futile.

The great Charles anticipated the course of German culture for seven centuries. By collecting the scattered forces of the German

tribes, he accumulated a literary energy that for some time wavered between drastic reality and spiritual ideals, until the two tendencies were fused by the inspiration of the crusades in an effort to depict a complete humanity. Thus was produced that striking manifestation of collective consciousness, the Middle High German classical literature. Already in the ninth century the collapse of the Empire counteracted the centralizing tendencies of the church. So in the tenth and eleventh, Professor Francke's theory would lead us to expect, and it leads him to see, a realistic literature reflecting the political disintegration, and a literature of spiritual idealism reflecting the religious unity. And he tries to show us how these two electric terminals approach at the beginning of the twelfth century, until at last there flashes between them the divine spark of Middle High German song.

But I fear the explanation does not explain. On the threshold of this period stands the Heljand, where the Gospel of Peace is absorbed and interpenetrated by the glowing remembrance of a culture to which carousing is life, and fighting is heaven, in which Galilean fishermen are metamorphosed into vikings, and the Christ masquerades as a conquering earl, a distributor of booty to his warrior thanes. Such a poem clearly represents a social force. It is worldly and realistic, and so in their way are Muspilli and the Wessobrunn Prayer. But I doubt whether Otfrid's Krist is an equally significant witness to the co-ordinate force of spiritual ideality. No doubt the hold on men's minds of the old Pagan songs was weakened in the ninth century, but are we to suppose that men felt a spiritual kinship for Otfrid's monument to monastic ennui because they were no longer permitted to rejoice openly in the Song of Hildebrand?

Does not this intrinsically unimportant matter illustrate a danger that besets the philosophy of literature? Otfrid, a monk self-condemned to an artificial and otiose life, wrote for the love of God and of occupation what seemed to accord with his profession. His work is a token of the spread of the monastic life in Germany, and so of the "inner life" among social forces, or rather against them; for surely a poem like the Krist is a symptom

of social disease. The best of its imagery is a survival of the older epics, while the state of soul that it fostered is the expression not of a German social force, but of morbid monastic brooding. And it is quite clear from the history of the following centuries that this "spiritual idealism" of the inner life never touched the core of German manhood. The spacious times of the Ottos breathe a truly national life that found its expression rather in the realism of Hroswitha's comedies over which the full-chested nuns of Gandersheim might shake their sides; or again in the canny shrewdness of Luitprand, the unvarnished naturalism of Ruodlieb and the playful satire of the *Ecbasis Captivi*; all in Latin to be sure, for the clergy of those days had an esoteric as well as a public teaching, but yet bearing their witness that there was naturalistic salt to give savor to the inner life of the literary clergy.

Up to this point, then, worldly realism has decidedly predominated over ideal spirituality, but in the eleventh and twelfth centuries it becomes almost the sole mode of literature, for then those great political and social questions that we associate with the crusades and with Gregory VII begin to stir society to its depths and to create public opinion, with the result that the former esoteric realism was brought home to popular consciousness by the wandering scholars who instinctively gave it a spice of romance that reflects the strange and exotic adventures of the crusades, and so tended to evoke a sort of political idealism, though at first this must have been quite shadowy since it found its expression in adaptations of the French songs of Roland and Alexander. The courts were now becoming the radiating points of the intenser national consciousness, and the social life of the courts, being under the strong influence of Latin culture, tended to overlay the fundamental realism of German literature with a varnish of artificial idealism. I, at least, am not yet prepared to see here, or in the more or less mechanical production and reproduction of ascetic books, any adequate evidence that old German traditions were ever supplanted in the literary consciousness of the nation by an "intense ascetic idealism."

Consider the Volksepos. Professor Francke

finds its heroes transformed from fierce stormy barbarians into chivalrous knights. Now as a grandiose and consistent old pagan, Hagen is superb, but he is hardly more gallant or chivalrous in the Nibelungen than he had been in the Song of Walther, while the Gunther and Siegfried of Aventure 10, and the Kriemhild of Aventure 39, are not gallant and chivalrous at all. Then, too, ought not the popular epics to be more sharply differentiated in their ethical bearings? Surely "womanly tenderness and sweetness" and "the clear voice of humanity" do not characterize the Nibelungen, though the obvious tendency of the editing is in that direction; but they do characterize the Gudrun in a way that is very significant of the rising tide of German culture as it mounts from the sea to the hills. And then I am a little doubtful of the mythology that transforms the gentle Gudrun, type doubtless of hundreds of unhappy maids in those viking days, into a Brunhildian walkyrie, though indeed the pranks of myth-makers are unaccountable, for has not Brunhild herself become Little Briar-Rose!

When in the Volksepos we are asked to note the concomitance of wildness and artistic grace, of ferocity and sentiment, we must not forget that their obvious lack of artistic unity shows that the minstrel-editors of the twelfth century gave to both Nibelungen and Gudrun much more than their form. Volker and Horand, for instance, seem humorous freaks of some minstrel bent on magnifying his office. The burlesque passages in the Nibelungen and still more the sentiment and sentimentality of the Gudrun, are surely of a later age than the unswerving fidelity that gives to both poems their epic grandeur. But here Professor Francke seems to me a little the victim of his theory. He has made individuality the key-note of the heroic epoch and is, therefore, constrained to minimize the element of "Treue" to an extent that I can not think justified by the social organization or the history of the conquerors of Gaul, of England and of Italy. On the other hand, the "guilt" in which he places the tragic force of the old epos, would have seemed to the unconverted German only Fate, Beowulf's Wyrd and the Norse Urthr. Hagen did not seem to them sinful or guilty, but rather nobly

glorious in dragging to relentless destruction all who had contributed to his queen's dishonor. What is Siegfried's defiance of Fate that he may win the ill-omened hoard but the Teutonic equivalent of the choice of Achilles of brief fame above inglorious ease? Their Brunhild did not "bear the stamp of guilt on her face." Rather did they think of her as of that heroine of whom Euripides sang as *σχερλία τόλμης*, 'hapless in her daring.'

But feudal Germany finds its expression less here than in the court-epics, and in the lyric efflorescence of that wonderful generation that utters its first full notes about 1190, and has passed the flower of its manhood in thirty years. This age is characterized socially by subordination of the individual to the state, because for the moment all thoughtful Germans are united in their aspirations and aims, and find an adequate expression of their religious and patriotic ideals in Innocent III. and Frederic Barbarossa. But the brief glory of this chivalrous culture depended on a transitory union of interests, and the social causes of its decline are clearly stamped on the verses of Ulrich, Neidhard and Tannhäuser. Professor Francke differentiates very clearly the spirits, like yet diverse, of nobles and people, of the popular and the courtly poetry, but I think he hardly brings home to his readers how foreign to the national character this culture remained to the end. The poems written at the courts were in the main playthings of fancy or philosophic musings; they were usually based on French models, and they must be used with the greatest caution in any study of "social forces." At least it seems to me that history shows that the aristocracy these poems were designed to please did not represent the persistent elements of German culture, and if this be so, perhaps they are given an undue prominence in Professor Francke's scheme. It is quite true that "being rooted in chivalry they rose above it," but in a study of social forces the significant question is: Did their hearers rise with them? Yet it would be churlish to regret a possible error of logical proportion that gives us such a luminous analysis of the interpenetration of conventional forms with intellectual independence, which marks the liberal and tolerant mind of

Wolfram, as it does in another way the spirit of that *pococurante* Gallio, Gottfried, in whom ethical individualism asserted itself with a recklessness that gives to us, who know what was in store for Germany, a foreboding start.

That culture for which Gottfried played and Wolfram labored, fell with the vaulting ambitions of Frederic II., and the papacy found none to bear the tiara of Innocent III. So in the latter half of the thirteenth century the old civilization, the old social ideals, gradually decay, while under their crumbling we can see silently forming the bases of the new humanism. The people lose faith in their national mission, and the Volksepos that had struggled into serener air from the realism of Ruodlieb falls back to earth again. Social progress which till now had found its missionaries at court begins to seek them in the Free Cities. And so literature naturally becomes realistic in a lower sense and superlatively commonplace, while, on the other hand, it is acquiring the sturdy burgher virtues of truth and burly good-sense, and, more than I think Professor Francke implies, a feeling of corporate individuality, so that the spirit of the Mastersingers is in a sense the counterpart and antidote to the ethics of Gottfried. Was not the collectivism of the mediæval guilds, fostering organization without sacrificing individuality, an essential condition of the evolution of the second classical period? Nay more, did it not contain in it the germs of those social ideals in which I rejoice to see with Professor Francke the bright promise of the future?

But while as a social force this rise of the Free Cities is most interesting, I must demur to the "marvellous wealth and power of its prose literature." No doubt the *Tierepos* and other narrative poetry of this time contain the germs of the modern realistic novel, but the germs did not germinate, any more than those of Ruodlieb had done, and the seed had to be re-sown in *Simplicissimus*. I think, too, that Professor Francke overestimates the literary value of the dramatic humor and the satire of the time, though their social and democratic significance has never been more luminously stated. To him the interest of the epoch centres in the mystics, Tauler, Suso and Eckhart, who are caviare to me, as I suspect they have

been to most of us for whom the interest of the time is in the popular lyrics; for, while all of these lack the studied charm and courtly mariavaudage of the Minnesong, and while some of them are sentimentally mawkish, there is a saving remnant with a savor of the soil and of daily life, with a bluff free frankness that acts like a refreshing realistic tonic.

And now on this world of individualism, or as I would say, of collective segregation, there rose a new star in the east that led the wise men of that day to the renaissance of Hebrew morals and of Greek art and literature that we call the German Reformation. But this movement was presently to be perverted and misdirected, both because Germany lacked a national spirit, and also because of the intransigent state of mind that had been evolved in certain individuals from the disintegrating mysticism of Tauler. Hence in its wider aspects the German movement for moral emancipation failed; a new orthodoxy replaced the old. And so too in literature, after the confident naturalism of the humanists, those archetypal, democratic Protestants, Reuchlin and Erasmus, after Luther's early pamphlets and Hutten's fiery strike for freedom, after the sturdy, sober idealism of Dürer, came the fall inevitable to all overconfident individualism, which is sure to overleap itself and fall a victim to the lurking powers of reaction. These men built high but they did not build broad. Theirs was a generous uprising of chosen spirits, soon to be warped by selfish rulers to their own aggrandizement and to be turned at last into that mockery of all spirituality, *cujus regio ejus religio*. The corporate individualism of the Free Cities, having no outlet for its new enthusiasm had sought a vent for it in communism. The peasants placed their hopes in agrarianism, the squirarchy theirs in a selfish conspiracy. The high hopes of 1517 were sure to be followed by political and ethical reaction, because for three hundred years before Luther there had not been, and under such conditions there could not be, any such national spirit in Germany as welded the France of Henry IV, or the England of Elizabeth. Therefore the Free Cities, the peasants and the squires, were crushed in turn, as indeed each deserved to be, and after 1530 the

people of Germany were not only dumb but muzzled. The princely spiders had caught their flies and were digesting them in silence, while Luther gave the feast his unctuous benediction, "no longer as the champion of reason but as its defamer."

Now the inevitable literary product of such social forces is resigned realism and discouraged retrospect, at its best pathetic rather than inspiring, at its worst indescribably coarse. Even Fischart and Sachs remain sterile in the development of literature or of national life. Now that society is atomized and public life dead, the hidden life of individual emancipation is the only goal toward which a saving remnant can struggle upward. So the great task of literature in the years of preparation for Frederic is to regenerate an individualism, from which at Wolfenbüttel and at Weimar might be evolved that individualistic altruism that should admit and foster the freest development of each for all and of all for each. Goethe, indeed, the Moses of the second classical period, saw the promised land of social collectivism only from a Pisgah height. The chosen people who had achieved their exodus from Napoleonic bondage, were long constrained to wander in the wilderness of reaction, but at last, in 1848, Young Germany broke a way for that collective national consciousness that ever since has been the dominant voice in literature, though hardly in the state.

How this national consciousness grew, and with it the recognition of the nature and functions of a national literature, is traced by Professor Francke with patient skill and with just insistence on the Prussian spirit of public service, as the duty alike of king and subject, for in this he finds the precious seeds of the new collectivism. But I think he greatly overestimates the influence of the hymn-writers in rousing a strong and manly sentiment. He attributes much to them in the reawakening of national life that I should ascribe to the muskets of Frederic's grenadiers, while it seems to me that the mystical malaria which survived in the German system as pietism, checked, rather than fostered, the national evolution, until these mists were dispelled by the sun of rationalism, which in Bacon and Des-

cartes had already risen on England and France, and now shone in morning splendor on Germany in the systematic idealism of Leibniz and Wolff, to reach its zenith in Kant.

Meantime, in Opitz and Gottsched, literature had become the imitation of imitations, the aping of apes. And, naturally, what could be reproduced from the age of Louis XIV. was what was least worth reproducing. So students of German literature and, I think, Professor Francke among them, are apt to do scant justice to the strong men of France on whom these parasites fed. I would not with so light a heart reject the three unities, those eternal verities of the dramatic genre, as a strait-jacket, nor would I prefer Malherbe to Ronsard, whose shade I fear is grieved to find Opitz made his yoke-fellow. More than all I was sorry to see Professor Francke joining the "rack of torture" chorus in condemning the alexandrine, probably the happiest and most fruitful metrical invention of all literary history. But, after all, these Germans were too insignificant, they addressed too small an audience to be appreciable as a "force" either in society or literature.

Outside the sphere of imitation, writers grew more self-centered, more interested in private morality than in the public weal. Logau, Moscherosch, Gryphius and Weise, Grimmelshausen, too, show each in his own way a naturalistic tendency, but a narrow horizon. They are of the earth, earthy. From their stagnation and into the fuller life of social idealism, literature was quickened in part by the vivifying touch of Richardson, Milton and Shakspeare, in part by the sentimental rationalism of Rousseau, but also in part and more, it seems to me, than Professor Francke implies, by the moral results of the Seven Years' War. If it be true that the cannon of Rossbach thrilled the nerves rather than the heart of Gellert, surely it was not through such turning from outward conditions, through such limitation to the inner self, that the German mind was "preparing for a new era of national greatness," unless it were as the Kluge Else of the Märchen prepared to reap by going to sleep. In its literary aspects this new national life was much less a regeneration from within than from without. I see its primary source

in the rearoused sense of national dignity that came from the struggle of Prussia against Europe and sent its thrills, as Freytag has so well shown, even through the states that were constrained to oppose Frederic in the field. It received new impulses from the humiliation of Jena, and the glorious, though brief, assertion of nationality in the War of Liberation. Without Frederic we can conceive Werther, but hardly Götz or the Robbers, nor yet Faust or Tell; we might have had Fixelin, but hardly Levana. Had that strong call to action failed, the thought of Germany might have been content to "draw rot inwardly" from the rank mist of Klopstock instead of turning their intent eyes to the clear-cut æsthetics of Lessing, which were, as Goethe said, the Delos Isle to the travailing goddess of literary art.

"In Klopstock and Kleists our souls found one another," said Caroline Herder of her husband. But I fear I must wander long in this wilderness of sentiment before my soul finds Professor Francke's there. In fact, I recall few critical judgments that have filled me with such puzzled surprise. Klopstock, we are told,

"sounded that morning call of joyous idealism and exalted individualism which was to be the dominant note of the best in all modern German literature."

But it strikes me that this was much less a call to "the broad realm of universal sympathy" than to the ærial wastes of sterile spirituality, much less a summons to action than a moral lullaby: and we may question if the "magic spell" that found its expression in the Sorrows of Werther was an auspicious gift. To me Klopstock is Rousseau *plus* pietism, Lamartine *minus* the divine spark and the exquisite instinct of form. To Professor Francke he is "the third great master of the oratorio," who reveals the full splendor of his genius in the combination of epic, lyric and dramatic elements in the Messias. But to those critics who think that the genres are not rhetorical fancies but abiding facts of æsthetics, this is just why Klopstock's poem seems a veritable *chimera bombinans in vacuo*. By injecting into his epic a lyric note of exalted personal spirit-

³ Of course she meant Ewald, and I Heinrich, but they were *Arcades ambo*.

uality he gave it precisely what the hour and the nation and its literature least needed. He flattered a morbid appetite and assisted that fatal tendency of the best minds of Germany to shrink from facing the real and the present. Germans have no cause to be thankful to the man who sought to turn the national heart from the hero of Rossbach to the barbarians of the Teutoburg Forest, from the truth that should wake them to liberty to the fiction that should rock them to sleep. For the patriotism of Klopstock was as false as his æsthetics, the cosmopolitan dream of an unpractical idealist. So it seems to me. Professor Francke, however, hears the note struck by him "vibrating in the finest chords of today." He sees in him the true liberator who exalted the ideals of his age. I cannot agree with him and yet I hesitate to disagree. Doubtless Professor Francke has read more of Klopstock than my weak mental digestion can stomach, and he brings to his subject an enthusiasm based on such wide and thoughtful study, that the frankest critic may well pause when he finds himself in such radical discord with so competent a judge.

Though Wieland was the exact opposite of Klopstock, our author's catholic mind appreciates most judiciously his reflection of social forces, and his services to German letters. The enlightened sanity of his healthy naturalistic ethics fostered those seeds of realism that had fallen on stony ground from the days of Grimmelshausen. He stimulated the collective consciousness in educated Germany of the kinship of their culture. But the leadership in this rationalistic movement soon passed from him to Lessing, the greatness of whose constructive work is masked by its very success, as the foundation is hidden by the superstructure. Out of his thought and in his spirit, literary, religious and social reforms are still growing, as Professor Francke admirably shows. To his political teaching we may attribute the occasional glimpses of a new collectivist ideal in the classical literature, which owed its more pervading ideal of individualism to the subsiding waves of Storm and Stress, that glorification of unchecked emotion, with Rousseau for its evangelist, and Klopstock for its patron saint, where eccentric individualism

was curiously combined with aspirations for social reform, aspirations which resulted in nothing, both for the reasons that Professor Francke gives and, most of all, because they were essentially intellectual and individualistic.

But it is in Herder that Professor Francke finds the closest intellectual kinship, and a critical system that foreshadows his own. Herder was first to see in all great social achievements, products of collective individuality, to see in the individual soul an integral part of a national soul, and, then, to show that the laws of its development apply to literature, since this is a manifestation of national culture. Thus to him, as to Professor Francke, great writers are the epitome of their time and nation, and a history of civilization can be based on a study of national literatures, which is what the critical following of Herder have ever since been trying to do, not, I think, without some loss to the cause of literary culture. But Herder was certainly first to formulate the collectivist social ideal, while from the individualism of the French *philosophes* Kant developed a moral collectivism; then both together wrought the intellectual emancipation of Goethe and Schiller, whose minds were clarified and exalted beyond individual ideals to an optimistic humanism.

There is much in Professor Francke's pages on Goethe and Schiller that invites to long discussion,⁴ but I must hasten on. These Dioscuri seem to have their forward eyes fixed on a state of culture where the ideal and the real, sense and spirit, instinct and duty, the individual and society, shall be interpenetrated with one another in perfect harmony. And by this they pointed a way of rescue to Germany from the element of moral weakness in the metaphysical dreaming of Fichte and Schelling. For why Professor Francke should think that without these philosophers there would be today no German nation, I do not know. Was it not rather Goethe and Schiller who took up

⁴ I think, for instance, Frau von Stein is treated with a too gallant generosity, and that Goethe's molding and guiding of Schiller's most fruitful years is minimized. The psychological analysis of *Kabale und Liebe*, *Maria Stuart*, *Wallenstein* and *Iphigenie* is unsatisfactory to me, and, just by the way, I was sorry to find Charles VII called a Bourbon and Joan of Arc, a Valkyrie (p. 391).

and completed the teaching of Wieland and Lessing, and prepared the way for that social regeneration that eager hearts have so long expected, not, we trust, in vain?

For from the beginning of the century till now, the characteristic sign of the times is surely the growth of the collectivist spirit, of national unity in individual diversity. By this the attitude of men has been changed toward society, toward art and culture, and even toward life itself. With fascinating ingenuity Professor Francke has traced reflections of this new attitude in commerce and trade, in international law, in science, in politics, in music and in literature, where, however, it has not always found clear or adequate expression. Romanticism, for instance, is individualism run mad; its caricature of classicism is a revolutionary protest against existing social and ethical conditions. But this protest had little effect on the nation, save as a warning example of "hill-top" moral anarchy. And it was a straw-fire patriotism that exulted over Napoleon only to grovel to Frederic William. Heine saw that one must cast off romanticism if one would preserve a spark to light the torch of 1848.

One who feels thus is more puzzled than converted when he reads that Richter is the "ideal of an harmonious and all embracing individuality," that has come to walk incarnate among men, or that this singularly erratic genius "seemed destined to be the legitimate heir of classicism," unless this may mean that he could come to no inheritance till classicism were dead. In him, as in the Schlegels, Tieck and Novalis, we should see an eddy in the social current, though beneath the individualism of these last the affinity for the mediæval church betrays a germinating collectivism. But this found a clearer voice in the War of Liberation, the nation's iron answer to Lucinde and Otterdingen, and Professor Francke discerns it also beneath the more obvious teaching of Schleiermacher and of Fichte, who, to him, is "the forerunner of modern German socialism."

Perhaps a truer, and certainly a more intelligible, national spirit inspired Uhland and his fellow collectors of old German song and story. I think Professor Francke underesti-

mates the literary value of their work, but he sets them in their just place as furtherers of the collectivist ideal. I would suggest, however, that we re-read Kleist's dramas before we accept the eulogy that is here accorded them. As with Klopstock, so here, I stand critically mazed when I am told that *Der Zerbrochene Krug* is "inimitable," unless it be for its fatuous triviality. The moon-struck Kätchen von Heilbronn with her moon-calf Friedrich Wetter von Strahl, strikes me only as involuntarily comic. But when with Pentheselea we are upborne into the stellar spaces of critical dithyrambs and bidden to doubt "whether in the whole range of literature there is to be found another work breathing such elemental, nay chaotic passion," with a heroine "so atrocious, so ravishing, so monstrous and so divine, so miraculous and so true, as no other poet ever has created," I take down my Kleist, I read once more the story of that *besudelt Kind*, find its dreary monotony relieved occasionally by a metrical jolt, or an involuntary touch of the grotesque, and then, I think of Lear and Phèdre and Ajax, and I wonder in silence.

The reaction from the War of Liberation to the Holy Alliance, from national glory to royal perjury is justly attributed to the unripeness of the collectivist spirit. Now, as after the reformation, national ideals were left to scholarly dreamers or young enthusiasts. Such genius as struggled to light in these years was forced to snatch a fearful joy in secret hopes of a future dawn, to seek the freer air of exile with Lenau, Börne and Heine, to take refuge with Platen in cold artificiality, in self-absorption with the "after-born" Immerman, or with Schopenhauer in a monumental demonstration of the futility of human effort. When men are denied the right to labor for the upbuilding of their nation, the social force that lies potential in them is stifled or distorted. They have no collective incentive to individual effort, and indeed Germans enjoy this but partially even today.

But where Professor Francke sees in literature a cause of the movements of 1813, of 1848, and of 1870, I see often only a reflection. I think politicians, journalists, and agitators had more to do with each than the idealists had.

Much of the popular impulse of 1813 came from a careful, and sometimes a cynical, nursing of the sentiment of reaction. Goethe felt this, and Heine found among the liberal "Nachtwächter" of his day no readiness to merge individual aspirations in a broad national life. Neither the writers of 1830, nor Heine himself, were ready to realize "the deed of their thoughts." Theirs was still a kingdom of the air, of political sterility, and that they gave no very material aid in cementing the present empire of blood and iron, the character of that empire as a social force is a sufficient witness.

The unclouded vision of Goethe's Epimeneides shows a clear estimate of the value of the sentiments of 1813, but Professor Francke lays more stress than I should, on Goethe's joyous pantheistic social optimism, and he sees a deeper esoteric meaning in the *Wanderjahre*. I think, too, that he stresses the collectivism of the second part of *Faust* at the expense of its ethical and æsthetic teaching. I doubt, also, if Hegel's "secularized christianity" was particularly important as a social force, for though it may have been "the first comprehensive attempt to make the collectivistic view of life the key for the interpretation of the universe," this had hardly more than an academic interest to those who achieved the final triumph of the ideas contained in it. Young Germany did not draw its inspiration from metaphysics, but from the application to the then condition of the nation of the spirit of free thought, that came to them from Wolfenbüttel and Weimar, under the influence and example of France. Lessing and Goethe are the spiritual ancestors of Grün and Dingelstedt, of Börne and Gutzkow, of Strauss and Feuerbach, and in a way, of Heine also, to whom, I think, Professor Francke is hardly just as a poet, though he shows admirably his value as a philosophic critic and as a revealer of the pantheistic nature of German religious aspiration.

In Lessing and Goethe, then, rather than in the metaphysicians, I see the sources of the social ferment that spread through every class, and produced at last the Young Germany of 1848. Since then, collectivism, under various names and garbs, oppressed or fostered, has been a recognized force, a growing power, an

essential condition of the triumph of 1870, and the best hope of future social emancipation, of which Professor Francke sees a promise foreshadowed in the work of Wagner, Hauptmann and Sudermann. But when he draws from his study the conclusion that the true leaders in the intellectual and moral progress of mankind are the Taulers, the Luthers, the Kants, and the Schillers, the men who "quietly fulfil their duty as servants of a great principle," this seems to me a not wholly apt illustration of a partial truth, for it leaves out of sight the manifold social forces that find no adequate literary expression. Our literary philosopher magnifies his office.

But if occasionally, in leading us from the mists of the past to the broad light of today, our guide has seemed to make an unnecessary detour, it has been only for brief moments and we finish our journey with the feeling that he has illuminated many dark corners, and given a new and fuller meaning to many familiar landmarks. In the presence of a work of such sturdy originality as this, a critic who tries to preserve an independent judgment is apt to give a disproportionate prominence to those other sides of truth with which he feels he can supplement his author. Yet it would be ungenerous to fail to remind the reader how vastly more numerous are the points that Professor Francke's solvent has clarified for us all; and it would be unjust to hide my own gratitude to one who has corrected and modified my views in many things. Professor Francke has kept his promise; he has shown us social forces in German literature, but he has not always made it clear how far literature was the cause, and how far it was the resultant of these forces, and on this depends somewhat the relative value of this method in literary study. But such a discussion would lead me farther afield than even this remarkable book would warrant, at the close of an already long review.

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